story would have been impossible. Whence then ory at the time of Augustus, of Tiberius? Whence ory, to which even the heathen reaction, the per-n of the Jews at the time of Claudius and Nero,

eded from the same causes as the eslis victory proceeded from the same causes as the abbithment of the Roman Empire—the Roman aristo-abbithment of the Roman Empire—the Roman aristo-abbithment of the Roman Empire—the Roman instances of the Roman Empire and Completed its mission, had orn itself in pieces during the previous civil wars, nationalities were oppressed, rooted up, annihilated by considering the creative powers are proposed to the creative powers are considered to the considered to t ne, philosophy was sealed up, the creative po-ntiquity were paralyzed, everything was brou-ad level, the whole world had become a mass a dead level, the whole world had become a mass of in-dividuals possessing equal rights, the Emperor was the cally point of unity. The leveling tendency of the Jews, so hoetile to historical distinctions and forms, had found a congenial sphere for its development. On the rains of antiquity Judaian proclaimed the unity of God in the presence of the Emperor—the God who judges nations and humbles monarchs.

in the presence of the Emperor—the God works of stations and humbles monarchs.

So also ten years ago, the present victory of Jadaism would have been a pure impossibility. The peoples still believed in their separate political missions; they were carneatly employed in their struggles and experiments in regard to Coastitutions; above all, the transcende at all philosophy, the highest intellectual product of modern times, to which since Kant and Lessing the labors of mose than seventy years had been devoted, was still in the process of construction. Even governments were involved in this scientific contest, and they did not yet know how far they should sustain it, or whether they should place themselves in absolute opposition to its results.

The case is different now. There is no longer a single nation in Europe which cherishes a sincere faith in constitutional experiments. The question whether the king raigns or governs is now regarded with the same laddifference as that with which the free thinkers of the last century looked down on the transactions of the old councils on the Homoousian and Homoousian controversy. The transcendental philosophy, in its fundamental principles, is completed—monarchy has nothing more to do with the intellectual progress of nations, and is converted into a mere institution for the maintenance of external order.

ternal order. Thus has the day dawned of democratic and reactiongry Juddism. The democratic Jew, who heretofore
unifered under the existing ecclesiastical and aristocratic
privileges, believed in 1848, that we had actually reached
the end of all history, and that everything was brought
down to such a level, that no further distinctions would
be possible between nations, classes, degrees of education and modes of thought.

He deceived himself. A searching revolutionary

ment has indeed monstrously leveled down for than three centuries—but only the old privi-have fallen—because amid the universal leveling

leges have fallen—because amid the universal leveling new forces are brought into action, silently but certainly forming a richer and more various organization.

The relictionary Jew also sees only the superficial aspect of the movement of 1848. Because it came to such a sudden close, he believes that it is actually all over with it, that monarchy is again firmly established, that the dogmas of the Church have gained new consideration, and that the aristocracy is reinstated in power.

He deceived himself here also. The monarchy which permits a lecture from a Jew on the nature of a Revolution, shows that it has no sympathy with the course of

ion, shows that it has no sympathy with the course of popular thought. Lord Derby, who permits himself to be defended by a Jew in the House of Commons, virtually declares that the English aristocracy can no more defend itself.

be defended by a Jew in the House of Commons, virtually declares that the English aristocracy can no more defend itself.

Lord Derby may hold out still longer; but he will never restore the dominion of the aristocracy, although he may partially introduce the Continental despotism into England. Disraeli may continue to sustain him, but he will never share the feelings of the aristocracy, nor accomplish any thing effectual in its behalf. Stahl may jet be Minister in Prussia—but he will never act for the regeneration of monarchy, as it is foreign to all his sympathies—he never can love it as a Jew.

Disraeli, and Stahl have been baptized—but they remain—Jews. The aristocracy, the monarchy, which they defend have never grown to their hearts, but are merely subjects of calculating speculation. They speculate on the weakness of the Revolution as the democratic Jew of 1848 speculated on the weakness and the downfall of the old legitimate powers. They agree in being speculators, but they direct their speculation to opposite objects.

The void, into which the movement of 1848 has run is a frightful void—of which centuries will labor to take advantage. But only the nations, whose whole universe has been sunk in this void, will draw forth from it the new world which slumbers in its recesses—that is, only the Christian nations.

The heartless speculators like Stahl and Disraeli,—men who are destitute of all eriginality and independent observation, in whom every taing is liteless calculation—will open the eyes of the people to the difference between themselves and those party leaders. The people begin to feel, that these men have no heart for their suferings or their joys. The emancipation which seemed to have been completely reached has run into the old bondage. The people feel the total difference of race—Stahl and Disraeli allenate from them the Jewish sharers of their democratic struggles—in short, we here also see from the result of 1848, an old difference developed with a democratic struggles—in short, we here also see from the result of 1848, an old difference developed with a power which it formerly hardly seemed to possess. BRUNG BAUER.

The Lake-Country in England-Hartley, Coleridge and Wordsworth. The following sketch, by "A Pedes-

trian" of one of the pleasant places of England, we find in an English paper :

There is a strange, yet natural fascination about the most delightful to resign oneself; the very air that breathes around them seems not like other air; the peace that pervades them seems fuller and desper and more perfect than other peace; the trace are more perfect than other peace; the trees are greener and of fuller follage; the skies are bluer, and the sun-light softer; and we feel a subduing sense of awe and reverence steal over us, for truly the places are holy, and the spot whereon we are standing hallowed ground. Descending the mount, we pursue our way upon the high road along the margin of the Rydal Mere—a dimin-utive but exquisitely beautiful sheet of water—to Nab Cottage, seated midway along the lake and up.n its hanks. We are kindly received by its inhabitants, and are hospitably entertained in the very room occupied by poor Hartley Coleridge. Hartley Coleridge! Ah! how little did we think, many years ago, when we first heard that name, casually and as that of one of the smaller fry of literature—one of the minnows in the Castalian waters. of iterature—one of the mindows in the Castana waters—and, subsequently, when very occasionally we met the name as that of a newspaper contributor, and were not, we must confess, much interested in what we met with—little did we then think that we should ever come to look upon poor Hartley Coleridge, both as a man and as a poet, with such intense interest, that we should have here well content to have taken the present expurse. to look upon poor reasons as a poet, with such intense interest, that we should have been well content to have taken the present excursion as a pilgrimage to the dwelling place alone. Poor Hartley Coleridge! here, then, he lived, and read, and thought, and wrote—wrote many of those sonnets, so exquisite, so perfect in their pathos, their melody, and their truthfulness of poetic feeling, that they linger in the mind like suntches of those old songs and freside maladias whereof one of our trio hath so worthly and melodics whereof one of our trio hath so worthily and elequently discoursed. Poor Hartley Coleridge: the good, the gentle, the affectionate, and the pure hearted; well, it is something to have sat in a room once occupied

well, it is something to have sat in a room once occupied by him.

Tea over, we turn out to stroll along the road to Grasmere, and thence round the other side of the lakes back to the cottage; old Nab Sear meantime locating up above us stern and mighty, with a frown upon his grante forehead which even the peaceful beauty of the scene beneath him seems insufficient to appease. A sadden turn in the road, which winds beneath high banks, brings us to Grasmere—a beautiful lake, considerably larger and wider than Rydal. Mrs. Hemans, in her beautiful sonnet, styles Grasmere Vale "the vale of peace," and the appellation is most appropriate; not less appropriate is the designation of "urulike vale," which occurs in the same sonnet. A more peaceful scene it is impossible to conceive. The lake, and the village with its unobtrusive house of prayer, lie calm and quiet in the Coursment of a deep valley, shut in from the world on all sides by bold, precupitous—amountains: the affect of the whole scene upon the spirit is most soothing. Passing along the margin of the lake, we come to the village and the church, and entering the churchyard, pass on over low grassy graves, to one retired corner, where, overshadowed by foliage, lies the grave of Wordsworth. A simple grass mound, with a plain headstone, whereon is meeribed a name and nothing more; it is thus that this spet of ground, by many deemed a sacred spot, is distinguished from title rest of mother earth, and it is well that it is so, Around it cluster many household graves, and one there is of peculiar interest—that of this spet of ground, by many deemed a sacred spot, is distinguished from the rest of mother earth, and it is well that it is so. Around it cluster many household graves, and one there is of peculiar interest—that of poor Hartley Coleridge. Close by flews the river, and to musical murmur sinks softly and sweetly into the soul of the pligrim, harmonizing with the spirit of the scene, deepening its seclusion, and enhancing its repose. One thing that particularly strikes us at the grave of Wordsworth is the appropriateness of the place—the appropriateness of the place for the last repose of one whose way of life was wholly with nature, one to whose

filand ocean and mere sky sucrained that mood whice, with the loty, sanctiles the low.

One who, of all the sons of song, is preëminently the poet of nature. How repugnant to all our ideas of truth would it be—how annoying and vexatious—were it so ordered that we should find the tomb of Words worth amid the dim cloisers and massive aisles of some dingy, city-girt cathedral. What a mockery it would be—what a solemn farce,—what an insult to the great high priest of nature. Somewhat less anomalous, yet still very far from appropriate, would it have been had the venerated dust been deposited in the inferior of the quiet country church we are now contemplating; but here, as it is, laid open to the visiting airs of heaven,—to the smile of the blue summer sky,—to the stern regard of the embracing mountains,—on the margin of the peaceful lake,—in the bosom of the sweet vale, and nigh to the very spot where the best years of his lotty and harmonious life were passed,—how well, how grandly, does all that was mertal of the great departed sleep the last deep eleep. Truly there is nothing to regret in the scene, all is as it should be; for, as poor Shelley said of another and most memorable God's acree, it is almost enough to quake one in love with death to Shelley said of another and most memorable God's acre,
"It is almost enough to gaske one in love with death to
be huried in so awest a place." Then, too, how appropriate is the grave itself; no elaborate and righly sculpcriate is the grave itself; no canorate amound, for mred monument, but a simple grassy mound, for shin headstone, whereupon is inscribed a name, name only, as is most fitting. What needs this ame only, as is most fitting. ame only, as is most fitting. What needs this grave sore? The grassy mound, too, is a thousand times bet-r than a slab, for it is pleasant to think.—

That even here does Nature yield A pillow in her gramest field. Nor the June dowers score to cover The clay of their departed loves. And new, grand and even to be-honored Wordsworth. we must bid adien to your beautiful grave. We leave you to your regose, but we shall bear your spirit with us—that, and the influence you have imparted, shall con-tinue beneficently to hover around us, mighty for good; and your memory shall be held by us as a precious lega-cy, triumphant over time and change.

Thomas Moore.

We have received from the Honorary Secretaries of the Moore Testimonial a copy of the proceedings of the meeting, at which the Earl of Charlemont presided, and which resolved upon a general subscrip tion to raise funds to erect some memorial of the Irish Poet. We subjoin a copy of the Address, and find among the names of subscribers some from every part of Ireland. The object is one prompted by a noble in-stinct, the desire of perpetualing some tangible sign of the homage which all men in all lands offer to genius. MOORE TESTIMONIAL.

MOORE TESTIMONIAL.

ADDRESS FROM THE GENERAL COMMITTEE TO THE COUNTRYMEN OF THOMAS MOORE, IN ALL LANDS.

The General Committee of Management of the Moore Testimonial, appointed at the meeting of the friends and admirers of Thomas Moore, held at Charle mont House, Dublin, on the 12th M urch last, deem it right to address those identified with the Poet, by community of country, on the national importance of the object proposed.

Although Moore's fame is the property of his age, and his name is enrolled among the most elegant of British his name is enrolled among the most elegant of British

his name is enrolled among the most elegant of Br Poets, he was essentially the Poet of Ireland: highest and most ennobling inspirations were drawn from the land of his birth. To Moore I reland owes a debt of the find of notice gratitude for beyond that incurred by a more participa-tion in the luster of his fame. In the I rish Melodies deep love of country is linked with every charm which the most exquisite combination of poetry and music can realize to the mind, and the beauty of song is enhanced by na-tional associations. While the author of "Latis Rookh" claims the admiration of all who delight in true poetry, the author of the Irish Melodies deserv s, peculiarly,

the author of the Iriah Melodies deserve, pecuniarly, the grateful affection of Iriskmen.

It is from no narrow view of the fame or merits of Moore, that the Committee make their strongest and first appeal to Irish sympathies. All nations regard their illustrious men with a species of extended family love. They are proud of them. If pride in our great men be They are proud of them. If pride in our great men be our national privilege, some permanent expression of it becomes a national duty. The same feeling which points out the native city of the Poet as the proper place in which to erect a Testimonial to him, points, with equal force, to his countrymen, as the first whose privilege and duty it is to provide the means of such enduring monument. The Committee feel proud and happy that his admirers, "without distinction of country," should testify their sense of appreciation; but they have placed their reliance mainly upon Irish sympathy, and the response they have already met encourages them to believe, that when the national importance of the object, as well as its interest, is brough thome to Irishmen, in whatever clime or country they may be, the result will be worthy alike of him whom they desire to honor, and of the country of his birth.

ry of his birth.
With this object in view, the Committee have sought

With this object in view, the Committee have sought to organize a comprehensive system of subscription; they are especially desirous that every leading town in Ireland should be represented, and that local committees should undertake the task of collection. They have also arranged lists to facilitate the collection of small subscriptions, and, at the same time, to preserve an accurate registry of the names of the contributors.

The Committee have received many valuable suggestions as to the nature of the Testimonial; and it has been frequently asked what they propose it shall be. In so important an undertaking, it would be premature to announce any fixed design. In fact, none has been as yet entertained. The olumnate decision must be guided by the amount of the fund, and under sanction of the subscribers. The Committee, however, have always considered that an open sir memorial of the poet should be placed in his native city; that it should be in a public place, suitably chosen; and that a status should be its place, suitably chosen; and that a statue should be its principal feature. That the highest artistic talent should be employed is, at once, due to the object of honoring intellect, and securing a monument of enduring interest

and admiration.

It in on these broad grounds of national interest that the Committee base their appeal for active sympathy and cooperation to all identified with the post Moore by community and country; and that they auticipate a cordial response from Irishmen in every part of the world.

Charlemont House, May 12, 1852.

All communications to be addressed to the Honorary

Secretaries, Charlemont House; or to the Sab-Co mittee, Irish Institution, College-street, Dublin.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

A writer in a recent number of Sharpe's (London) Magazine, who became acquainted with Margaret Fuller at Rome in the Spring of 1847, gives his impressions of her character as follows:

choly, even painful interest, for it was our lot to know the subject of them in a foreign land—strangers there, like herself—under circumstances of a public nature that would have stirred the coldest blood; and which like herself—under circumstances of a public nature that would have stirred the coldest blood; and which in her, while they roused all her strong powers of thought and vigor of action, called forth, at the same moment, all her sweetest and most feminine attributes; all the tender sympathies and holy charities of life, by which her memory would have been embalmed in the hearts of all who knew her, even had it never been surrounded with that halo of admiration inspired in them by her vast conversational powers; equal to those of Coleridge, with more useful application of them; her deep and multifarious reading, and the energy with which she employed her acquirements and her abilities for all whom she could either benefit or serve.

She introduced herself to us with ease of manner, and total absence of pretension, by delivering to us a letter

She introduced nersel to us win ease of manels, and total absence of pretension, by delivering to us a letter from a mutual friend. Her personal appearance was not in her favor; it is truly depicted by Emerson, who owns that at first in prejudiced him against her, but who was afterward drawn toward her in the closest bonds of the control of the cont of a friendship that knew no interruption

A curious mode she had of lifting up her upper lip when she spoke, and the American twang in which her epinions were delivered, were to us the most repellant of her peculiarities; but we soon lost sight of them all in the lovely qualities of heart which unfolded themselves to us, as we became more and more acquainted with her. We saw nothing of the self-exaltation, the thirst for distinction and excitement, the dictatorial tone that her letters and conversations display, in the early part of her memoirs. It is evident that her character part of her memeirs. It is evident that her character underwent a great change in Italy. Arriving there at a most stirring and eventful peried, the petty politics and embition of minor scenes in America lost their interest with her; in the contemplation of the noble characters around her, she ceased so continually to analyze her own. She saw, and acknowledged it with her accustomed candor, many Italian ladies intellectually equal with herself, and far surpassing her in the acquired graces of society; every day, moreover, brought with it some event to interest her attention or excite her sympathics—everything conspired to divert her from herself, but most of all the circumstance of her finding another self, much dearer to her than her own, in the gentle and amiable Marquis Ossoli, whom she first met by accident at St. Peter's where he introduced himself by accident at St. Peter's where he introduced himself to her by an act of courtery, in assisting her to find her party from which she had been accidentally separated. The acquaintance continued, and in a few months the party from which she had been accidentally separated. The acquaintance continued, and in a few months the young man, revering her talents, charmed with her gentleness, and sharing in all her views and hopes respecting italy, offered her his hand. She refused it on account of the disparity of their ages, she being nearly len years older than himself; but he was not discouraged—he felt that she could no more relinquish him than he could relinquish her;—and he was right, fer the love she had all her life desired, for which alone she had, like Madame de Staël, longed with passionate longing to be beautiful, this love, once found, was not to be parted with. He renewed his suit, and was accepted. The marriage, which took place in December, 1847, was kept secret, buth from political and economical motives; and the son who was the fruk of it, was born at Riedl in the September foilowing. Never were holy hope, sweet love, and patient heroism more beautifully set forth than in Margaret and her husband, under circumstances that must inevitably have chilled the selish, and appalled the timid; never were feelings of wife and mother more touchingly described. Little did we think, when we were admiring the courage with which she spoke of the thick-coming dangers in which the base attack of the French upon Reme threatened to involve all who advocated its noble struggle for freedom; when we were paying homage to the exquisite tenderness and unwearied attention she showed night and day, to the wounded and the sick in the Hospital Fate Bene Frazelli, to which she was appointed by the Princess Belgioso; little did we think when we saw in her the same sweet smile, radiant with sympathy and goodness, that her poor heart was torn by the dread of floding, among those wounded. we think when we saw in her the same sweet smile, ra-diant with sympathy and goodness, that her poor heart was torn by the dread of finding, among those wounded, her own husband, who had taken his place with the de-fenders of Rome, at the gate of St. Pancrazio, and never left it till he saw the French enter it, triumphant in left it till he saw the French enter it, triumphant in treachery and superiority of numbers—that every fiber of that sensitive heart was wrung, moreover, with lears for her infant, torced as she was to leave him at the foot of the Umbrian Appenines at Riet, amid a feroclous set of the Umbrian Appenines at Riet, amid a feroclous set of people, and with a treacherous and avaricious nurse, who threatened to abandon him, if she did not receive a certain sum at an appointed time.

All that Margaret says of herself, at this period, is so interesting that we much reserve as hard superiod.

All that Margaret says of berself, at this period, is so interesting, that we much regret our limits do not allow us to give it in full. It is beautiful to see the harmoguer, the transcendentalist, the stickler for her sex's rights, that even maintained their right to be "sea captains," if they would—to see all this ferment of an unquiet though lofty soul, subsiding into holy gratitude for domestic peace, and affectionate appreciation for her husband's love, and of his unassuming merits.

Untimely perished a woman who by her strength of intellect and rectifude of principle, combined with her wonderful insight into character, and her warmth of sympathy, obtained a wider range of personal influence than perhaps ever fell to the share of any other tomale.

wonderful insight into character, and her warmth of sympathy, obtained a wider range of personal influ ince than perhaps ever fell to the share of any other female, devoid, like herself, of beauty, wealth, or influential connections. Her early trials were loneliness of heart, and obstacles to the development of her genius; her later ones, sarrowness of pecuniary means, doubly trying to a disposition munificent as hers, and uncertainty as to the power of turning her abilities to the secount her circumstances required; but He who bestowed upon her the gold, granted her also the strength to bear the purifying process which was to separate it from its dross; fying process which was to separate it from its dross; and there can be little doubt that, had her life been spared, she would have afforded a still brighter example of female virtues, than she had given, in her most brilliant days, of female talent

An Imperial Review.

Mr. WEED, of The Albany Eceniage Journal, was in Vienna when the Emperor Nicholas arrived, and witnessed his arrival. He was also present at the grand Review already noticed, and describes it as follows:

Well, we have seen one of the great Military Fageants of the Earth. We have looked up-in two live Emperors, Nicholas I. of Russia and Joseph II. of Austria, at the

Nicholas I. of Russia and Joseph II. of Austris, at the head of "an Army with Banners."

It was understood that the Russian E-speror was ground in his movement, we drive out to the "Glar's Joseph stadt "at that he ur. The troops "were afield an iin line," and at ten minutes past ten the Emperors, with a magnificently dressed Staff of Aids, Arch Dakes, Princes, Marshals, Generals, &c. &n., dashed, with their high-bleods d and prond steeds, upon the ground. A bright run gave the fullest effect to all this gorgeous and gittering paraphernalls of war. The Emperors were dressed in the uniform of the Polish Lancers—their Aids in crimsen and gold—the others of the Staff in the uniforms of their respective corps. f their respective corps.

I their respective corps.

I their respective corps.

These were upward of 30,000 troops in the field, of which 20,000 were infantry and Rule, and 10,000 Cavalry and Artillery. Of the mounted men, 3,000 were Lancers, and streaming from each lauce was a black and yellow flag.

The Emperor of Russia, with one Aid-de-Camp, a few rode in advance of the Emperor of Austria and Staff, rode in front of the line, for rather of the three lines, stopping at the head of each Satshion and addressing a few words to the officers. This occupied nearly an hour. He then, with his Staff, which consisted of more than 300 splendidly mounted officers, took a position in front of the center of the line, which immediately passed bim in review. The diff-rent corps, whether by battelion, regiment or brigade, formed in sections of three fies, fifty deep, giving 150 men to each section or comtailon, regiment or brigade, formed in sections of three fies, fifty deep, giving 150 men to each section or company. There was a marching distance of about six rods between each section. The Band of each Division, as they reached the Emperor, moved out to the left, and playing until their corps had passed, was succeeded by the next. The line was two hours in passing. After this there was a review of a Regiment of Lancers, whose horses were put to the top of their speed. The effect was thrilling. And this closed the day. The Emperors returned to the Palace and the Troops to their Quarters. There was a large number of Court Ladies, in Court carriages, upon the field. Among these was the Mother of the Emperor of Austria, a woman whose influence is supposed to be as potent with the son as it was with her husband, the ex-Emperor, who lives very quietly at

[The ex-Emperor, by the way, who "lives very quietly at Prague," is not the brother of the present Emperor, but his uncle.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR, 12mo, pp. 563 Harrer t Brother

NIEBUHR, 12mo, pp. 563. Harper & Brothers.

A new epoch in the study of Roman History was opened by the bold researches and sturdy criticisms of this admirable scholar. Previous to his labors, the subject was in a state of apparently hopeless confusion; shadowy traditions were combined with valid testimony in one obscure entangled mass; facts and legends were interchanged with no criterion to determine their respective characters; and the entire story of the brave old adventurers of the early Roman world presented the shifting and uncertain, though highly picturesque colors of a romance. Applying the principles of a wise historical skepticism to the remains of Roman history-cautious by nature and mental training in the examination of factsand analyzing evidence with equal subtlety and keenness of perception-he has reduced the fragments of historical truth to a consistent whole, eliminated from the genuine record of events the mythical elements which were blended in its composition, and thus prepared the way for a more satisfactory, though less boastful knowledge of an important period of classical antiquity.

The personal character of Niebuhr, to the illustration of which the present volume is devoted, exhibited a striking accordance with his tendencies as an historian. Possessing rare independence of thought, the love of truth was the inspiring motive of his studies; he exercised a stern impatience toward everything false and pretending; free from all effeminacy and softness in his disposition, he devoted his life to pursuits of the most resolutely earnest nature; presenting a remarkable specimen of a fearless, impassioned, high-minded man, equally distinguished for the sinewy strength of his intellect and the noble austerity of his conscience.

Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen in the year 1776. His father was the celebrated traveler Carsten Niebuhr, who after his perilous adventures in Arabia and other distant lands, took up his residence in that city. From an early age, the young Niebuhr gave indications of his extraordinary talents. He passed through the ruliments of education with great rapidity, dis playing uncommon quickness, ready apprehension, and a wonderful memory. His father first taught him geography, and the French and English languages, and used to relate to him stories from history. The story of Mahomet, of the early Caliphs, especially of Omar and Ali, of the conquests and spread of Islamism and the virtues of the heroes of the new faith, was thus early imprinted on his memory. When only in his eighth year he was able to read any English book without help. About this time he began to receive private lessons in the Classics from one of the masters of the Gymnasium. He also shared the warm interest in literature which prevailed in Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century, and eagerly welcomed the appearance of any new work from the pens of Klopstock, Lessing and Goethe, His interest in politics, which became the master-spring of his subsequent life, was awakened at the age of eleven. When the war with Turkey broke out in 1787, it so strongly excited his mind that he not only talked of it in his sleep at night, but fancied himself in his dreams reading in the newspapers the intelligence about the war. It is a singular circumstance that his nightly visions were generally realized. The anticipations which he described in his sleep would shortly after appear in the journals. This is explained by his accurate knowledge of the country and the situation of the towns and the distinctness with which everything he heard impressed itself on his imagination. Partly through the conversation of his father, and partly through his own geographical studies those regions were as familiar to him as his native processe. He had perfectly accurate conceptions of their inhabitants, the prevailing modes of warfare, and the character and conduct of the various commanders.

The same faculty of divination was displayed during the early part of the French Revolution. In several instances he foretold the course of events with reference to the progress of the warthe direction of popular movements-the plans and objects of the revolutionary leaders,-and the results of the measures adopted by the various parties. With equal correctness and certainty did he guess the plans of the commanders during the war, from the marches and positions of the armies. He retained this faculty to a certain extent throughout his life, though not to so great a degree as in his earlier years, when he could concentrate the whole power of his mind on impressions of this

In the year 1792, Niebuhr was sent to a celebrated school at Hamburgh, under the charge of an eminent teacher named Busch, a man of ability, and the author of numerous highly esteemed works on commercial subjects. This school, which was almost unique in its character, was attended by pupils from all parts of Europe. It formed a center for the cultivation and intelligence of Hamburgh. The most refined society of the city assembled at the house of the master; all foreigners of distinction brought letters of introduction to him; among his habitual guests were the poet Klopstock, the geographer Ebeling, and the physician Reimarus, while Lessing and other noted literary men were occasional visitors. Niebuhr

mitted to the social intercourse of the family. This was regarded by his father as an excellent preparation for the diplomatic career, which he vished him to enter. But the result did not equal his anticipations. The youth was kindly received by Basch, but he could not fall in with the whirl of amusement and gayety, which prevailed in the society of the house. He felt out of place in this

new world. His earnestness of feeling did not blend easily with the dominant tone of pleasantry. He found no one who understood his most cherished sentiments and ideas. Although inferior in age to nost around him, he could not but be conscious of the superiority of his character. Remaining at Hamburgh but a few months, he returned to his father's house, where he diligently pursued his studies, and in a short time became master of the principal modern languages.

In 1794 be became a member of the University of Kiel. His position here was far more to his mind than it was in Hamburgh. The students were fretly receive 1-in the families of the Professors. Among other acquaintances which Nic-Buhr now made, was that of Professor Hensler, head physician to the University, a friend of his father's, and a man of intellect and attractive character. In his house, to which he had constant access, he found another friend, who became mere intimately connected with his destiny than any other human being. This was the widow of a son of Dr. Hensler, who had died young, while from that time she resided with her father-in-law, to whom she filled the place of a daughter. She was six years older than Niebuhr; on the death of her husband she took a romantic vow not to marry again; but her acquaintance with Niebuhr soon ripened into a tender friendship, which continned through all the vicissitudes of ans life.

He remained at Kiel till the spring of 1796 pursuing the usual academical courses, but continning to devote himself chiefly to philology and history. He also took a deep interest in the study of philosophy, particularly the system of Kant; although his mind was by no means of a metaphysical cast. The Greek and Roman classics were always favorites with him; but while at college he read them only as a recreation. His power of vivid conception was shown in the effect produced on him by ancient authors. While pursuing the study of their writings, he was completely transported into their world. The past was brought before him with such life-like reality, that he forgot the present. He once told a friend, who found him in great emotion, that he could not bear to read more than a few pages at a time of the old tragic poets-so entirely did he identify himself with the scenes and sufferings which were represented. He made one of the characters who figured in the drams-he saw Antigone leading her blind father-the aged Œdipus entering the grove -he caught the music of their speech, feeling certain that he could distinguish the true accent of the Greeks, though he could not reproduce it with his barbarian tongue.

In 1796, Niebuhr was invited by Count Schimmelman, the Danish Minister of Finance, to accept the post of his private Secretary. He entered upon the duties of this office in the spring, removing his abode to Copenhagen. He soon be came a favorite with Schimmelman, at whose house he enjoyed the society of the most distin guished circles of the city. At first, he was charmed with his new position; but he soon found that his time was too much absorbed in social intercourse, depriving him both of the leisure and the tranquillity essential to the successful pursuit of his studies. On this account, he was glad to avail himself of an offer from the Prime Minister, Count Bernsterff, to take the office of Secretary in the Royal Library, with permission to travel abroad. He entered on this post in the spring of 1797, and discharged its dut es for about a year.

Meantime he had formed an acquaintance with Amelia Behrens, a younger sister of Madame Hensler, which soon resulted in an engagement of marriage. After a visit to England, and a twelve months' residence at the University of Edinburgh, he returned to Copenhagen in 1800, and a few weeks after his arrival, he was appointed Assessor at the Board of Trade. In the month of May he was married, and taking his young wife to Copenhaen he entered upon his official duties on the la of July. The marriage was a singularly happy one. His wife possessed a disposition of beautiful serenity; her intellect was marked by admirable sense ; and her devoted attachment to Niebuhr converted their modest home into an earthly Paradise. Their tastes were in delightful harmony; their lives flowed on calmly and sweetly; mingling but little in fashionable society, they found everything in their mutual affection. When Niebuhr was not engaged in his official duties, he returned to his favorite classical authors. His wife entered with warm sympathy into all his pursuits. In the evening, he often related stories to her from the ancient writers, or challenged her admiration for choice passages which he would read aloud, or looked over with her his own last compositions. He proposed at this time to devote his leisure hours to the study of Grecian history, with a view to writing an account of the various Constitutions among the Greeks. This had been a cherished design, almost from boyhood. But his studies were interrupted by the ill-health of his wife, who suffered from a complaint in the eyes, during which time most of his leisure was spent in the attempt to amuse her. With only this drawback, the winter passed away pleasantly, giving them the purest enjoyment of domestic life. In the spring, his feelings were greatly agitated by the episode of the bombardment of Copenhagen, by Nelson. The following year, the sphere of his official duties was greatly enlarged. He succeeded to the post of his colleague at the Board of Trade, the duties of which were very operous, and was subsequently appointed the First Director of the Bank and assumed the direction of the East India Department. His position and his income were considerably inproved by these changes, while the amount of his labors was much increased, especially by business connected with commerce and the currency. His management of the Bank was universally approved. The soundness of his views and the wisdom of his measures, in other departments. were generally recognized. He was respected by his colleagues in office for his sagacity, industry and rigid integrity, while they loved him for the kindness of his demeanor, and his interest in their

The intelligence of the Austrian calamities at Ulm and Austerlitz, in the autumn of 1805, produced a depressing effect on his spirits, and led him to peruse the Philippics of Demosthenes ufresh. He was struck with the resemblance of the position of Greece at that time to the state of Europe. He was so impressed with the proceedings of Napoleon, as a repetition of the tyranny and oppression of Philip, that he translated and printed the first Philippic, as a political lesson.

A proposal was made to him in 1805 to enter the service of the Prussian Government in the department of Finance. After a series of negotiations. he decided to embrace the offer, and in September. 1806, be left Copenhagen to make his future resi dence in Berlin. The defeats of the Prussian army in several dreadful battles soon followed. The French were advancing on Berlin. Everything fell into their hands. The authorities, with the Royal Family, were compelled to retreat. was received, not merely as a scholar, but was ad- During the confusion and distress of the following years, Niebahr continued in the service of Prussin, discharging various trusts, though in a state of intense suffering from the uncertainty and restraints of his position. He deeply felt that such a life b. A no inward vitality. His letters during this period are pervaded by a tone of sadness, which is hardly in keeping with the inflexib e reso lution of his character.

A new epoch was formed in his life in 1810, by his relinquishment of public service, and his acceptance of a Professorship in the University of Berlin. At the opening of the University, he de livered those lectures on Roman History, which contained the germs of his great historical work. This course established his reputation as a profound and original scholar. It was attended, not only by a large audience of the students, but by men bers of the Academy, professors of the University, and public men of all classes. The success of his lectures gave him fresh inspiration. They were written out in fall and read verbation before his hearers. They were thus made to feel as if transported into ancient times, when the public rending of new works supplied the place of printed books. From this time forward, he regarded the writing of his "History of Rome" as the vocation of his life. The first volume of this great work was published in 1811, and the second during the following year. The indifference with which they were at first received by the public, gave him pain; but did not weaken his resolution to complete the enterprise. In the winter of 1812--'13, the tranquillity of

Berlin was constantly disturbed by the passing through it of French troops on their return from Russia. Their disasters rekindled the spirit of patriotism in the people of Prussia. On the evacuation of Berlin by the French, in February, 1813, Niebuhr shared in the national rejoicings, and in the enthusiastic preparations for the ettainment of freedom. When the Landwehr was called out, he sent in his name as a volunteer. His friends in Denmark could hardly believe their eyes when he wrote them word that he was drilling for the ar my, and that his wife entered with equal ardo inte his feelings. The greatness of the object had so inspired Madame Niebuhr that she was wil ling to bring even her most precious treasure as a sacrifice to her country. In the spring of 1815, her health, which had been gradually failing, altered for the worse with a rapidity that revealed the full extent of her danger. She lingered till the 21st of June, when she died in the arms of her husband. He had never alluded to her approaching death, as the physician forbade all excitement. Once only, a few days before the last, he asked her if there was nothing that he could do for her sake; she replied with a look of the deepest love, "You shall finish your History whether I live or die." This request was never forgotten ne regarded its fulfillment as a sacred duty, though it was many years before he was able to resume

A few months after his wife's death, the Government proposed to send him as Embassador to Rome, to negotiate a Concordat with the Pope. He accepted the mission as a matter of duty, though he shrank from the complete isolation from his friends which it would involve. He quitted Berlin in July, 1816, having previously been married for the second time to a niese of the husband of Madam Hensler. His friend, Dr. Brandis, accompanied him as Secretary of Legation. His intercourse in Rome was chiefly confined to Germans and English, though he had likewise several acquaintances among the Freuch. There were but few of the Italians whose conversation gave him pleasure, owing to their entirely opposite cast of mind. He associated much with the young artists who were then studying at Rome, and laying the foundation of the present German school of historical painting. He remained at Rome until 1823, when he se-

lected Bonn as his place of residence, and resumed in earnest the completion of his History. Here he again engaged in the congenial labors of public nstruction, and delivered various courses of lectures in the University. His intercourse at Bonn was not confined to the literary circles. He took a deep interest in all the civil affairs of the town and neighborhood, never refusing his share of the public business. His mode of life at Bonn was very regular; his habits simple. He was averse to show or superfluous luxury in household arrangements. He had a genuine taste for art, but did not wish to see her degraded into a minister of the senses. His devotion to learning never interfered with the claims of family affection. His sympathy was as ready for the little sorrows of his children as for the misfortunes of a nation. He rose at seven in the morning, and retired at eleven. At the simple one o'clock dinner of the family, he usually conversed cheerfully on the contents of the newspapers which he had just looked through. The conversation was often continued during the walk which he took immediately afterward. They drank tea at eight o'clock, when he was always glad to see any of his acquaintance. But during the hours spent in his library, his whole being was absorbed in his studies, and hence

he accomplished an incredible amount of labor in In October, 1825, he commenced work on the History of Rome, as his regular occupation. The second edition of the first volume was finished in the summer of 1826, exactly as he completed his fiftieth year. His work had now found its true place. Half the copies of the new edition were ordered before the last sheets left the press. He received numerous expressions of admiration for his production, not only in Germany, but from foreign countries. But the peace of his life in Bonn was destined to a speedy close. In February, 1830, his new house, in the arrangement of which he had taken so much pleasure, was burned down. Before order and comfort could be restored from the ruins of his domestic existence, the news came of the second French Revolution. He was deeply afected by the former m'sfortune; but it displayed his noble nature in the most beautiful light. As soon as he had recovered from the first fearful shock, and had seen his wife and children safe in the house of a kind neighbor, he compared the weight of this blow to other events of his bic, and said sadly, but with composure, to a friend, 'It is indeed a misfortune, but I do not feel nearly so overcome and depressed as I did in the night after the battle of Bautzen, when I was near headquarters, and believed the cause of my country to be. not lost, in the most imminent peril. If only the manuscript of the second volume of my Roman History is found again, I can get over everything else; and, at the worst, I feel I have still power enough left to replace my History, and will set to work sgain with God's help in a few days.' He conversed thus for some hours with noble calmness, while watching the flames as they devoured their rich booty. Once only he inquired anxiously after the fate of the She-Wolf, a beautiful cast of the well-known group in the Capitol, which had been given him by his wife, and always stood in his library; and he expressed the strongest desire that it might be saved; he had always liked to consider it as the guardian genius of the house. Some of his younger friends hurried into the burning house, reached the room, and with much difficulty brought away the heavy cast; but in the hasty descent of the staircase, it was knocked in several places, and reached the bottom in rules. Niebuhr buried the fragments with melanchely feelings in his garden. For the first few

had caused rendered his regret more poignant than it had been in the first moment. He was espe-cially grieved by the destruction, as he feared, of his library; for all his books had been thrown out of the windows of the second story in a heap on the snow and mud of the street, and had not been placed under shelter till the morning. It cost him many days' labor to look through what was saved, and bring it into order; but there was great rejoicing when here and there a precious treasure was found again which had been looked on as lost; and the reappearance of the longed-for manuscript of the second volume was greeted with hearty cheers: only a few sheets written out ready for the press were missing, the sketch of the whole had been preserved entire."

The news of the French Revolution acted strongly on his mind. The last political occurrence in which he was greatly interested was the trial of the ministers of Charles the Tenth. It was indirectly the cause of his death.

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§ On Christmas Eve and the following day, he was in better health and spirits than for a long time, but on the erening of the 25th of December, he spent a long time
waiting and restite in the hot news room, without taking off his thick for cloak, and then returned homethrough the hitter frosty night air, heated in shad and
hody. Still full of the impression made on him by the
papers, he went straight to Classen's room, and exclaimed, "That is true eloquence! You must read Sauzet's speech; he alone declares the true state of the
case; that this is no question of law, but an open battle
between hostile powers! Sauret must be no common
man! Eut." he sided immediately, "I have taken a

zet's speech; be alone declares the true state of the case; that this is no question of law, but an open build between hostile powers! Sauret must be no common man! But," he sided immediately, "I have taken a revers chill, I must go to bed." And from the couch which he then sought, he never rese agaio, except for one hour, two days alterward, when he was forced to return to it quickry, with warning symptoms of his approaching end.

His illness Insted a week, and was pronounced, on the fourth day, to be a decided attack of inflammation on the lungs. His hopes sank at first, but ruse with his increasing danger and weakness; even on the morning of the last day he said, "I can still recover." Two days before, his fathful wife, who had excerted housel beyond her strength in nursing him, fell ill and was obliged to leave him. He then turned his face to the wall, and exclaimed, with the most painful presentiment, "Hapless house! To lose father and mother at once!" And to the children he said, "Pray to God, children! He alone can help us!" And his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort and strength in alent prayer. But when his hopes of life revived, his active and powerful mind soon demanded its wonted occupation. The studies that had been dearest to him through life, remained so in death; his love to them was proved to be pure and genuine, by its unwavering perseverance to the last. While he was on his sick bed, Classen read aloud to him for hours the Greek text of the Jewish History of Josephus, and he followed the sense with such ease and attention, that he suggested several emendations in the text at the moment; this may be called an unimportant circumstance, but it aways appeared to us one of the most wonderful proofs of his mental powers. The last scientific work in which he was able to treitly his interest, was the description of mental powers. The last scientific work in which he was able to treiffy his interest, was the description of Rome by Bunsen and his friends, which had just been sent to him; the preface to the first volume was read aloud to him, and called forth expressions of pleasure

and approbation.

The Kolnische Zeitung was read aloud to him up to the last day, with extracts from the French and other journals. He asked for them expressly, only twelve hours before his death, and gave his opinion half in jest about the change of ministry in Paris. But on the afternoon of the 1st January, 1801, he sank into a dreamy slumber; once on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in sleep; now and then he spoke Prench in his dreams, probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend De Serre, As the night gathered, consciousness gradually disappeared, he woke up once more about midnight, when the last remedy was administered; he recognized init a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, "Whatesential substance is this? Am I so far gone?" These were his last words; he sank back on his pullow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat.

Niebuhr's wife died nine days after him, on the 11th of the same month, about the same bour of the night. She died, in fact, of a broken heart, though her disease was, like bis, an inflammation of the cheet. She could shed no tears, though she longed for them, and prayed God to send them; once her eyes grew moist, when his picture was brought to her at her own request, but they dried again, and her heavy heart was not relieved. She had her children often with her, particularly her son, and gave them her parting counsels. And so her loving and pure soul went home to God. Both rest in one grave, over which the present King of Prassia has erected a monument to the memory of his former instructor and counsellor. The children were placed under the care of Madame Hensler, at Kiel.

The volume now issued does not claim to be a complete systematic biography of Niebuhr. It is and approbation.

The Kölnische Zeitung was read aloud to him up to

complete systematic biography of Niebuhr. It is founded upon a German work, containing notices of his life, composed principally of extracts from his letters, and edited by Madame Hensler .-The present work has a rich selection from Niebuhr's correspondence, the value of which as a vivid commentary on the politics and literature of the day can scarcely be overrated. The connecting links are well supplied by a brief narrative, relating the chief events of the different epochs of his life. Cherishing no sympathy with the political views of Niebuhr, which we think have en proved incorrect by the subsequent development of European affairs, we love to acknowle his claims on our admiration as an example of noble manhood and powerful intellectuality. No one, we are sure, can peruse this deeply interesting volume, without sharing our impressions.

Poe and the English Periodicals. To the Editors of The N. Y Tribune

In an article on American Literature in The Westminster Review for April, and in one on Edgar A. Poe in Tait's Magazine for the same month, we find a repetition of certain incorrect and injurious statements in regard to the deceased author, which should not longer be suffered to pass unnoticed. These statements have circulated through half a dozen foreign and domestic periodicals, and are presented with an ingenious variety of detail. As a specimen, we take a passage from Tait, who quotes as his authority Doctor Griswold's memoir of the Poet :

" Poe's life, in fact, during the three years that yet ? "Poe's life, in fact, during the three years that yet "mained to him, was simply a repetition of his previous existence, notwithstanding which his reputation still is creased, and he made many friends. He was indeed to me the most brilliant women in New England. He housever, suddenly changed his determination i and, after declaring his intention to break the match, he crossed the same day into the city where the lady deeds, and, of the same day into the city where the leady deeds, and, or the same day into the city where the leady deeds, and, or the same that should have been the evening before the bridd, "committed in drunkenness such outrages at her house as made necessary a summons of the police."

The subject is one which cannot well be 4p.

The subject is one which cannot well be approached without invading the sanctities of private life; and the improbabilities of the story may, to those acquainted with the parties, be deemed an all-sufficient refutation. But, in view of the rapidly increasing circulation which this story has obtained, and the severity of comment which it has elicited, the friends of the late Edgar A. Poe deem it an imperative duty to free his memory from this unjust reproach, and oppose to it their unqualified denial. Such a denial is due, not only to the memory of the departed, but also to the lady whose home is supposed to have been desecrated by these disgraceful outraces.

Mr. Poe was frequently my guest during his stay in Providence. In his several visits to the City I was with him daily. I was acquainted with the circumstances of his engagement, and with the causes which led to its dissolution. I am as thorized to say, not only from my personal knowledge, but also from the statements of ALL the were conversant with the affair, that there exists not a shadow of foundation for the stories above alluded to.

Mr. Poe's friends have no desire to palliate his faults, nor to conceal the fact of his intemperand -a vice which, though never habitual to his, seems, according to Dr. Grisweld's published statements, to have repeatedly assailed him at the most momentous epochs of his life. With the single exception of this fault, which he so fearfully expiated, his conduct, during the period of my soquaintance with him, was invariably that of a man of honor and a gentleman; and I know that, is the hearts of all who knew him best among us, he is remembered with feelings of melancholy interest and generous sympathy.

Events followed each other so rapidly the close of his romantic career, the relations of days after the fire, the right of the desolution it | his life were so strangely complicated, the jealous